



UGARLOAF mountain is one of the natural objects in the region of Washington which nearly all persons who dwell in the capital and the territory around it know something, but perhaps not very much about. It is a mass of earth and rock grown over with trees, and it rises so far above the hills of the neighboring country that it seems to be a mountain set upon a plain. It is a detached mountain, far separated from any other hill worthy of the name of mountain, and of a height sufficient to dominate the country for many miles east, west, north and south.

Sugarloaf mountain, forty miles away, is visible in clear, bright weather from points in Tenleytown, the ridge along which Nebraska avenue runs, those tracts of land above Burnt Mills called Pleasant View and White Oak and probably from numerous other places in suburban Washington. It is visible from the Washington Monument.

Looked at from a distance, this mountain is symmetrical and its form suggests its name, sugarloaf. It is a rounded lump or loaf, sugar being conical instead of cubical, as it is now. In perhaps all mountain regions there are more symmetrical and more suggestive of the old-fashioned sugarloaf than ours, but whether justly descriptive or not, this sugarloaf has been so called ever since the earliest white settlers began to hunt game, fell trees and plow land in that region, considerably more than 200 years ago.

It was Sugarloaf mountain when Indians and buffalo, bear and deer lived there, and, indeed, in the trackless depths or trackless heights of this mountain, and in its laurel brakes, tangles of wild sugar maple and hickory, the white hunter might easily imagine that bears and other big wild creatures dwell there now.

Viewed from the southeast, south and southwest, the directions from which the great majority of Washingtonians look at this singular mountain, it presents its sugarloaf formation, but this fancy is dispelled if one views the mountain from other points of the compass, for, as a matter of fact, Sugarloaf mountain is an irregular form as a mountain usually is. It is veined with deep ravines, little valleys rest in its mass and above these valleys rise short ridges and several domes or knobs that are secondary to the big dome 1,200 feet high, which gives to the whole mountain the name of Sugarloaf. The main knob is at the south end of the mountain and its top is elongated, having its longer axis in a north and south direction.

North of this dome and about 150 feet below its base, there is a smaller dome, a very narrow strip of relatively flat land, and to the northeast end of it rises a small knob. Beyond this is a valley or "pass," another dome, and more upland valleys and knobs throughout the extent of this heap of lofty land. The area is about 2,000 acres. From east to west across Big Knob the mountain is a trifle more than a mile wide, its greatest breadth from east to west is across its northern half, where the mountain is two miles, and the length of the mountain northeast to southwest is three miles.

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How Henry P. McCain Quit Following a Lop-Eared Mule in the Furrow to Become a West Point Cadet and Rise to One of the Most Powerful Positions in the Military Service—A Story of the Democracy of the American Army.

T was a summer day at West Point. In one of the academic halls there was gathered a stately array of stern, uniformed members of the faculty of the world's most famous military academy. At the desks was a collection of assorted young Americans. They were hardly the average of boys, each had some quality that had lifted him above his fellows at home and won him an appointment as a cadet. "The flower of the nation," they were called, but in this instance it was the flower in the pollen, for not yet had they gained full admittance. They were up for the entrance examination.

In the group was a tall, awkward, pallid youth, uneasy, scared, nervous and yet showing in his fine deep-set eyes a desperate purpose. Up from Mississippi he had come, shabby, uncouth by comparison with the city-bred, trained and tutored boys who made up a considerable part of the throng, boys who were full of the confidence of their own superiority. There was more than a trace of contempt in his eyes as he glanced at the average of the rustle youth from the south. All "beasts" in the vocabulary of the Point, they seemed to feel that they were materially less beastly than the Mississippians.

It was the worst cruel experience of a boy no longer, he sits in an expansive room, he is surrounded by the rustle youth from the south. All "beasts" in the vocabulary of the Point, they seemed to feel that they were materially less beastly than the Mississippians.

this mountain is no place for riding. It must be walked and climbed. Yet there is what appears to be the relic of a very old road which cascaded down the mountain. It seems to have been cut through the rock and loose boulders, and this old way has been washing and filling with rock debris until now along part of its course it resembles a ditch. A good road could be built to the summit, but it has yet to be built.

Roads skirt the base of the mountain. Mount Ephraim, a crossroad named after Ephraim Harris, an old settler who made a fortune there in the general merchandise business, is near the base. One road comes northeast from the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and one comes northwest from Barnesville. The Dickinson road passes along the east base of Sugarloaf and leads to Urbana, and another road leading to Hyattstown and many other places in Montgomery and Frederick counties. The Barnesville road passes around the west side of the mountain, and also



A GROUP OF CLIMBERS ON SUGARLOAF MOUNTAIN.

leads to Urbana, with branches to Park Mills and numerous hamlets. No road crosses the mountain, not even over its lower parts, between the knobs. A number of streams wind around the base of Sugarloaf, notably Bennett branch and Little Boonville branch, and the Monocacy river, roughly about three miles west of the middle of Sugarloaf. The Potomac river, which occupies the west side and the Little Monocacy southerly some distance from the east side, are the only water courses on the mountain. The Potomac four or five miles south by west from the top of Big Knob. Sugarloaf is in Frederick county about a mile northwest of the Montgomery county line.

The Rambler was given a very entertaining little talk on the geology of the mountain and its region by George W. Stose of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Stose said:

"As we leave Washington on the Baltimore and Ohio going westward it is at once noticeable from the effort of the engine that we are climbing out of the valley of the Potomac to an upland plain. You know this upland plain was the land surface near sea level in late Tertiary time and the streams flowed across it to the sea. As the land was elevated and the surface was tilted toward the sea, the streams cut their channels into the plain, and that is the way the Potomac and its tributaries got into their deep gorges.

Great Falls shows the last stage of this cutting of a gorge in progress, for the falls have receded from Washington to their present site during the cutting of this inner gorge. So, we rise rapidly from near sea level in lower Washington to 330 feet at Woodside, and then travel on the upland plain, rising gradually to 530 feet elevation at Washington Grove. Few rocks are seen in this part of the journey, as they have been so long subjected to the processes of weathering on the surface of the old plain that they are decomposed to great depths, and form soil. The rocks are ancient granite, gneiss and schist, the same as may be seen in the higher parts of Washington, and are the oldest rocks known in this part of the continent.

Moreover, it illustrates the democracy of the American army. In some quarters it is the fashion to talk of army officers as "assorted satraps" and members of the "old lace aristocracy." Perfidious rumors would have them elect to the leadership of the military, leaders of the army, in some manner are apart from and alien to the so-called "common people."

One of the greatest number of these army officers are just such men as Gen. McCain. Few there are of family wealth or pampered infancy. Up from the soil they have come. Many, like Gen. McCain, left the plow hand

seas and hardened by compression and other earth forces.

"Among the larger pebbles in the sandstone may be found fragments of all the various kinds of older crystalline rocks from granite to lava. The sandstone was deposited over all the surrounding region and was then continuous from Sugarloaf to the Catoctin mountain. But how came it to form this isolated mountain peak? Was it thrown up by a great upheaval of the earth? No, it is merely a remnant of a once higher surface that existed in this region. Can you imagine as you look from the top of Sugarloaf to the intervening Frederick valley, the intervening Frederick valley was filled to the same level, which was then the surface of the land; that since then the material to the ocean and the atmosphere has slowly descended the softer rocks and the rains and streams have gradually removed the material to the ocean and lowered the country to its present position? Even the hardest rocks have been affected by the prolonged process of erosion so that only a small remnant of the great mass of hard sand-



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stone that once covered the ancient crystalline rocks remains in the form of the rounded conical hill of Sugarloaf.

There are many ways of visiting this interesting place. You can take the train to Dickinson and walk about four and a half miles. With an automobile many roads are open to you as far as the base of the mountain. The Rambler walked from Dickinson. At this time the road was ankle deep in the yellow dust of that decomposed rock of which the geologist spoke. It is a narrow road, and when the Rambler and his friends passed over it was much used by automobiles, and these in their rapid passage raised choking

clouds of fine grit that turned white collars and white cuffs yellow in a whiff. It is a trifle over two miles to Mount Ephraim, which is a mount only in name, but the land is higher than that over which you have traveled from Dickinson. An old brick house stands there with a new frame addition. It is now the home of S. C. Jones, but long ago it was the home of Ephraim Harris, part of whose name was given to the crossroad.

Looking toward the mountain from this point you see a white house which shines among the trees at the south base of the mountain. You will be told, as the Rambler was told, that it is the home of Gordon Strong, who owns the mountain and a large acreage of land about its base. In an indirect way the Rambler heard that this gentleman intends to erect a great house on Big Knob, but that story makes the subject of another ramble, for when a man climbs the Sugarloaf once he wants to go again and again.

The main road to Urbana or to Hyattstown runs along the east base of the mountain and you follow this for a mile or more. In an indirect way the Rambler heard that this gentleman intends to erect a great house on Big Knob, but that story makes the subject of another ramble, for when a man climbs the Sugarloaf once he wants to go again and again.

From the point of view of the Rambler, the Sugarloaf mountain is a trifle more than a mile wide, its greatest breadth from east to west is across its northern half, where the mountain is two miles, and the length of the mountain northeast to southwest is three miles.

with deep forest mold, where the aster, the dogwood, the nightshade and the laurel grow with great thrift. This character of soil and vegetation continues to the top of the knob, but at the southwest face is a mass of bare gray rock.

And here you take your view. It is a vast outlook. The world is below you. The roads look like threads, the farms are squares that remind you of a checkerboard, and villages are mere patches of white.

Of the Monocacy river you get a glimpse above where it enters the Potomac line on the Baltimore and Ohio, almost as far down as Massanutten Island, which is the island above Harrison Island associated with Ball's bluff and its battle, the railroad bridge over the Monocacy is in sight, and it looks like a little bridge in the distance. You can pick out in the show window of a shop.

West and southwest and northwest the Catoctin mountain, or the Catoctin range, looms, and far away over its crest you see the deeper, mistier blue of the Blue Ridge. West and north-west you can count the villages of Greenfield Mills on the Monocacy, Pleasant View, Doubs and Churchill

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